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novels of the week, Sydenham, and the Manners of the Day, seem to have fallen almost still-born from the press, notwithstanding the exertions of the publishers.

I fear that there are still some difficulties in the way of rebuilding the English Opera House, at least upon the former site. The Marquis of Exeter who is the ground landlord, claims to retake it into his own hands on forfeiture of the lease by Mr. Arnold, who was bound by one of its clauses to insure the property. Should the Noble Marquis insist upon this harsh construction of the clause, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests intend to let to Mr. Arnold a plot of ground near Charing-Cross, which would be an admirable situation.

I see by the American Papers that Miss Frances Wright, the protégée of Mr. Jeremy Bentham and General Lafayette, is still delivering lectures in support of her system of social economy. The Yankees are very much divided in opinion as to the philosopher in petticoats. Some consider her a genuine star of genius; others one of those star-shots which are all froth and jelly. The same Papers contain accounts of some interesting experiments which have lately been made at New-York, as to the relative strength of cordage made from Russian and American hemp. The results shewed a superiority of more than 20 per cent. in favour of the American.

Temperance societies are become very common in the United States, and as the preachers of temperance are putting into practice their own precepts, they may be expected to increase. An American paper, under the unharmonious title of the "Little Falls People's Friend," informs us that more than one hundred physicians and students in that country have publicly renounced the use of ardent spirits, except when necessary as medicine. We hope the medical gentlemen will not fancy themselves ill too frequently for the sake of administering this medicine.

While on the subject of America, I must notice among the contents of the American papers, this as to the increase of steam-boats. I find that there are now 320 steam-boats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, whereas, eighteen years ago, the number was only 170, the largest of which was smaller than most of the small boats now in use. It would be curious to trace the increase of steam power in our own country, as applied to vessels, and still more curious and satisfactory to shew how few accidents result from its use. On the Dover station, although at least one thousand voyages take place annually by steam-boats, we never hear of a single casualty as to human life. I will conclude my American notices with the following, which appears in the Virginia Herald under the head "Sam Patch, undone."—Sam, as most of our readers know, was the adventurous youth who split his skull in throwing a somerset down the Falls of the Niagara:

"On Christmas Day, Miss Ross, of Pownal, Vermont, had been to 'Brown's Mills,' and taken a bundle of rolls from the carding machine, with which she proceeded homewards; but thinking to reach home sooner by going across the lots, than by taking the common route, she left the road and proceeded towards her house. It seems that she soon lost her way,

to us only by his deservedly high character in the literary world, and we beg it may not be supposed that any identity of opinion is necessarily implied between us and those whose letters are inserted in our pages.

and after wandering about for some time, she returned to the place a short distance to the east of the mills above mentioned, where there is a perpendicular rock, and a very deep declivity, down to the road; not knowing where she was, she boldly walked off from the cliff, and fell perpendicularly sixty-three feet, when she rebounded, and fell seventy-three feet more, rolls and all! making the whole distance, either perpendicular, or over sharp rocks, 133 feet!—and, what is more astonishing, the girl received no injury at all! The distance, says the Williams Town paper, has since been accurately measured by Augustus Starkweather, Esq. and another competent person, so that there can be "no mistake."

To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—I am *réellement* astonished to observe in the *beau monde*, where the *belles lettres* are cultivated, a *mélange* of French and English which is positively *affreux*, and shows that that language is becoming *de jour en jour* a miserable tongue of the society of *haut ton*. *En effet*, one cannot partake of a dinner *sans* hearing this jargon, nor attend a *bal paré*, without this species of conversation, which is *tout-à-fait* disgusting; nor can one participate in a *réveillon champêtre*, without being *apostrophé* by one of the *partie*, who watches every opportunity to show his *esprit*; and, if, *malheureusement*, a stranger happens to be *pour la première fois*, in such an assembly, where every one is *savant dans genre*, he, not being acquainted with *la langue française*, sees himself all at once *hors de combat*. It is quite impossible, *Mons. le redacteur*, to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* without hearing this *langage*. *Ma foi*, it would do very well, *si*, every one of the *partie* *connaît le français*.

I have observed that young *militaires* and a few *chirurgiens* have a *penchant* for this *affreux* language, thinking that this motley jargon makes them appear *grands*, and gives *un ton d'empressement* to their Frenchified English conversation, which is very seldom otherwise *piquant*; but *chacun à son goût*. I am not a little *étonné* to be informed that a young *Demoiselle* cannot invite a male friend to a *soirée*, it is always the *étiquette* of society that a gentleman invites a *Monsieur*, and a lady *une Dame*: this is called *bon genre*. But sir, what will you do then with the *jeunes veuves*? *Allons, allons, Monsieur*, this *soi-disant haut-ton* is not very *sortable*: to prevent ladies from enjoying the *charme* of society is not very *poli*. They cannot have at their own apartments *garnis* a *tête-à-tête*, without creating in the neighbourhood certain *cancans*, that is to say, no one can be *sage chez soi*. This saying is *tout-à-fait* disgraceful to *bienveillance*. But, *n'importe*, *chaque pays, chaque mode*.

What strange *coutumes* in a saloon, *M. le redacteur*! when a *cavalier* has *la bonne fortune* to meet a lady *à une soirée*, and pays her his *devoirs* as *en qualité d'un galant*, she is observed by her *entour*, who watch every *geste* of hers, and every *mouvement* of his, which is, *convenez-en*, very disagreeable. But the *pis* is, that that same polite individual has not the privilege to *éter son chapeau*, to this very same *belle*, if he should meet her, *par accident*, in the public streets, the day after. This respectful *compliment* appertains to the ladies, *ainsi*, they can pass by *l'un*, and *faire des yeux doux* à *l'autre*.

I am, *Mons. avec considération*, yours,
Voyageur.

ED.

THE DRAMA.

THE performances at the Theatre during the past week, furnish little matter for further observation than we have already bestowed upon them, as they have entirely consisted of a repetition of those pieces in which Mr. Macready had previously appeared—with the exception of *Werner*, a tragedy by Lord Byron, which we learn has been adapted by Mr. Macready for stage representation, the story on which the Drama is founded, was taken by the illustrious author from "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*," to which he has added one character—*Ida of Straleneheim*—which contributes much to its dramatic effect. The other characters have merely undergone some trifling modification, and in many parts Lord Byron has preserved the exact language of the original; the story is deeply interesting, and in the present instance is more remarkable for the simplicity of its development, than for any of those exalted flights of imagination which distinguish most of his lordship's other productions. Mr. Macready as *Werner* was every thing that could be wished, and sustained the interest which the character excites in every scene, with powerful effect—the other parts were efficiently represented.

The pantomime still holds its ground, and continues to be performed nightly, many alterations and curtailments appear to have been made in the action of the piece, since its first representation, all of which we consider decided improvements; by the way, as this is a species of performance in which our juvenile folk are much interested, and particularly adapted for their amusement, we would recommend the manager to appoint a night when it may be presented at an hour which would enable them to get early to bed, and allow those who are residing in the vicinity of the city, to gratify their children, by witnessing the feats of "Harlequin and Cock Robin."

NEW MUSIC.

Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johny, written by C. Butler, Esq. the Music by Dr. Smith. (Willis, Dublin.)

THIS song, as appears from its title, is founded on Burn's well known tale, and inculcates a moral as creditable to the gallantry of the writer, as we trust it may be useful in correcting a custom too often practised in our social circles, of drowning in an after-dinner stoup, the recollection of the ladies in the drawing-room. The poet, without exacting the more rigid discipline of the temperance societies, appears only desirous that our devotion to the bottle, shall not supersede that which we owe to the fair sex, whose delightful society is so frequently sacrificed for too copious libations to the "jolly god." The music, which is an adaptation of a favourite Scotch air, is pleasingly arranged by Dr. Smith, and as its compass will answer the generality of voices, we think it an excellent table song, and one which we hope, when judiciously introduced, will effect the object contemplated by the writer.

M. Auber has produced another Opera at Paris, called "*Fra Diavolo, or the Hotel of Terracina*," which has proved highly successful. This composer is rapidly acquiring popularity, and Boieldieu, who, next to Rossini, has been the reigning favourite with the French, has found a formidable rival in the author of *Masaniello*.